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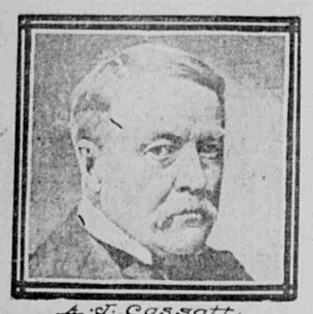
CLAMOR AND CORPORATIONS.



A. J. Cassatt.

President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania, returning from a vacation trip cut short by disclosures of favoritism on the part of officers of his road, announces that he will deal with the guilty, but will not yield to manufactured public opinion.

He condemns the existing "hostility to railroads," the anti-corporation public sentiment" nd the "attacks on large vested interests."

Mr. Cassatt charges political leaders and the press with fomenting this state of public opinion. But is that the case? To-day the "vested interests" of the Gas Trust are attacked and the record of that corporation denounced as one of "fictitious capitalization, lawlessness, commercial buccaneering and consummate cunning which if generally imitated by citizens would produce a state of complete anarchy." It is the city's consulting engineer who says this.

The "vested interests" of the Chicago packers have also been attacked. A presumptuous young man wrote a book in which he told a revolting story of the conditions under which meat was prepared for public consumption there. The book was called sensational; it was written to "manufacture public opinion."

Now we have the story before Congress in the form of a report made to the President by special commissioners corroborating many of the charges. The report shows that the unsanitary conditions menace the public health; that evils have long existed which call for radical correction in the interest of common decency. The facts furnish their own clamor against the trust. They also cry out against the municipal corporation of Chicago which has tolerated the foul packing-houses and permitted the existence under its very eyes of disease-breeding methods.

The other day the conduct of the President of a great railroad was called "sordid" and his motives " dishonorable." This was the comment not of an agitator, but of Federal Judges from the bench.

The President of the Reading has referred to railway management which "lacks that common honesty which it is disgraceful not to have." A Justice of the State Supreme Court has called the exploitation of traction franchises for private gains "shocking to the moral sense of the community."

If this is the clamor of the crowd, where is one to go for sober criticism? It is not from the politicians that the public has taken its cue. It is in the lawless acts of corporation managers themselves that the source of its present attitude of distrust is to be found.

The people are not hostile to the railroads. They have merely awakened to a fuller appreciation of the fact that, as President Baer said, railroads are trustees for the investments of thousands of men and women and their officers should be men who will look after those interests and hold fast to honesty. They are not hostile to corporations. They simply are coming to demand of the corporation the same standards of rectitude to which society holds the unincorporated merchant and the trader.

To the Pure Food Convention.

By J. Campbell Cory.

A GROUP OF ODDITIES IN PICTURE AND STORY.

HERE is, perhaps, the first recorded photograph of a ghost, or, rather, of an alleged ghost. It is reproduced from the London Sketch. An ex-grocer in England recently turned "medium," but was speedily exposed. A darkened room was necessary to him and also one particular chair. It was discovered that he carried the necessary apparatus for making "ghosts" in a cabinet in the back of that chair. In the dark it was comparatively easy for him, aided by a dummy head and other accessories, to pose as a spirit. The make-up of the "medium" consisted of a mask of China silk, which fitted over his head, a paper mask, a piece of black cloth and a black sleeve, a wire coat-hanger, an iron hook, one or two wigs, an electric flashlight and a few yards of wire. The "ghost" disappeared and reappeared by raising and lowering the black cloth, which was, of course, invisible in the dark. When one of the audience wished to summon up the spirit of a friend the medium took his seat and the gas was lowered. After a time a little light flickered across the top of the cabinet used by him. When the curtains were drawn the figure was visible. The medium, of course, used a mask which had whiskers in the case of a man and appeared bare in the case of a woman ghost.

In Switzerland a State monopoly covers both the distillation and sale of all intoxicants, and much good has already resulted, at the same time bringing in an annual revenue to the Government of $1,000,000. This money is distributed among the cantons, with the proviso that 10 per cent be spent in combating intemperance.

What is probably the highest dock in the world has recently been completed at Kisumu, on the Victoria Nyanza, in Uganda, at an altitude of 3,700 feet above sea level. The dock has been constructed to accommodate the Nyanza fleet plying on the lake in connection with the Uganda Railroad, of which the terminus is at Kisumu, or Port Florence, as it is now officially called. It measures 250 feet in length by 48 feet wide and 14 feet deep. It is excavated out of the solid rock by native labor and occupied twelve months in construction.

Here is an odd sort of headgear that may or may not reach New York by next season. Mlle. Slavin, who is well known in Russia as a popular actress, is endeavoring to persuade the "smart set" of St. Petersburg to adopt headornaments of the same type as those worn by her in the accompanying illustration. Her efforts seem to have met with little encouragement. Evidently the fashion is deemed too "barbaric" even for the evening, when "barbarism" of the sort is less apparent than it would be in the broad light of day.

Meteorologists are interested in securing observations at high altitudes by means of kites, and lately at the aeronautical observatory at Lindenburg, Prussia, a record for height was made, a kite being sent up to an altitude of 21,100 feet. This was accomplished by sending up six kites attached to each other by the use of a wire line approximating 48,000 feet in length. The instruments carried by the kite recorded a minimum temperature of 13 degrees Fahrenheit, as compared with 41 degrees Fahrenheit at the earth's surface. At the maximum altitude the wind blew at a rate of 76 miles an hour, as compared with 18 miles an hour at the surface. The maximum altitude exceeds by nearly 1,100 feet the previous record made in the Baltic Sea by flying a kite from a Danish gunboat.

The Masquerader by Katherine Cecil Thurston

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CHAPTER XX.

(Continued.)

LILLIAN was still lazily interesting. To her own belief she had seen Chilcote last on the night of her sister's reception. Then she had been too preoccupied to notice either his manner or his health, though superficially it had lingered in her mind that he had seemed unusually reliant, unusually well on that night. A remembrance of the impression came to her now as she studied his face, upon which imperceptibly and yet relentlessly his vice was setting its mark—in the dull restlessness of eye, the unhealthy sallowness of skin.

Some shred of her thought, some suggestion of the comparison running through her mind, must have shown in her face, for Chilcote altered his position with a touch of uneasiness. He glanced away across the long sweep of tan-covered drive stretching between the trees; then he glanced furtively back.

"By the way," he said quickly, "you wanted me for something?" The memory of her earlier suggestion came as a sudden boon.

She lifted her muff again and smelled her roses thoughtfully. "Oh, it was nothing, really," she said. "You sarcastic people give very shrewd suggestions sometimes, and I've been rather wanting a suggestion on an—an adventure that I've had." She looked down at her flowers with a charmingly attentive air.

But Chilcote's restlessness had increased. Looking up, she suddenly caught the expression and her own face changed.

"My dear Jack," she said softly, "what a bore I am! Let's forget tedious things—and enjoy ourselves." She leaned toward him caressingly with an air of concern and reproach.

The action was not without effect. Her soothing voice, her smile, her almost affectionate gesture, each carried weight. With a swift return of assurance he responded to her tone.

"Right!" he said. "Right! We will enjoy ourselves!" He laughed quickly and again with a conscious movement lifted his hand to his muffler.

"Then we'll postpone the advice?" Lillian laughed too.

"Yes. Right! We'll postpone it." The word pleased him and he caught at it. "We won't bother about it now, but we won't shelve it altogether. We'll postpone it."

"Exactly." She settled herself more comfortably. "You'll dine with me one night—and we can talk it out then. I see so little of you nowadays," she added in a lower voice.

"My dear girl, you're unfair!" Chilcote's spirits had risen; he spoke rapidly, almost pleasantly. "It isn't I who keep away—it's the stupid affairs of the world that keep me. I'd be with you every hour of the twelve if I had my way."

She looked up at the bare trees. Her expression was a delightful mixture of amusement, satisfaction and scepticism. "Then you will dine?" she said at last.

"Certainly." His reaction to high spirits carried him forward.

"How nice! Shall we fix a day?"

"A day? Yes. Yes—if you like." He hesitated for an instant, then again the impulse of the previous moment dominated his other feeling. "Yes," he said quickly. "Yes. After all, why not fix it now?" With a sudden inclination toward amiability he opened his overcoat, thrust his hand into an inner pocket and drew out his engagement book—the same long, narrow book fitted with two pencils that Loder had scanned so interestedly on his first morning at Grosvenor Square. He opened it, turning the pages rapidly. "What day shall it be? Thursday's full—and Friday—and Saturday. What a bore!" He still talked fast.

Lillian leaned across. "What a sweet book!" she said. "But why the blue crosses?" She touched one of the pages with her gloved finger.

Chilcote jerked the book, then laughed with a touch of embarrassment. "Oh, the crosses? Merely to remind me that certain appointments must be kept. You know my beastly memory! But what about the day? Shall we fix the day?" His voice was in control, but mentally her trivial question had disturbed and jarred him. "What day shall we say?" he repeated. "Monday in next week?"

Lillian glanced up with a faint exclamation of disappointment. "How horribly far away!" She spoke with engaging petulance, and leaning forward afresh drew the book from Chilcote's hand. "What about to-morrow?" she exclaimed, turning back a page. "Why not to-morrow? I knew I saw a blank space."

"To-morrow! Oh, I—I"— He stopped.

"Jack!" Her voice dropped. It was true that she desired Chilcote's opinion on her adventure, for Chilcote's opinion on men and manners had a certain bitter shrewdness; but the exercise of her own power added a point to the desire. If the matter had ended with the gain or loss of a tete-a-tete with him it is probable that, whatever its utility, she would not have pressed it, but the underlying motive was the stronger. Chilcote had been a satellite for years, and it was unpleasant that any satellite should drop away into space.

"Jack!" she said again in a lower and still more effective tone, and lifting her muff, she buried her face in her flowers. "I suppose I shall have to dine and go to a music hall with Leonard—or stay at home by myself," she murmured, looking out across the trees.

Again Chilcote glanced over the long, tan-strewn ride. They had made the full circuit of the park.

"It's tiresome being by one's self," she murmured.

For a while he was irresponsive, then slowly his eyes returned to her face. He watched her for a second, and leaning quickly toward her, he took his book and scribbled something in the vacant space.

She watched him interestedly; her face lighted up and she laid aside her muff.

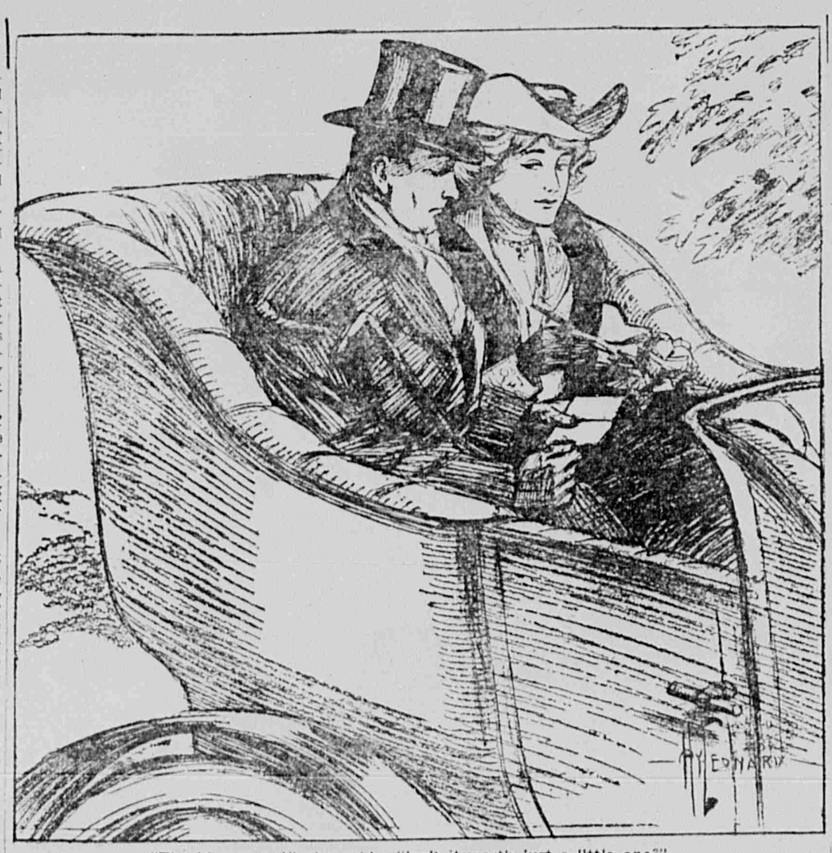
"Dear Jack!" she said. "How very sweet of you!" Then, as he held the book toward her, her face fell. "Dine 33 Cadogan Gardens, 8 o'c. Talk with L.," she read. "Why, you've forgotten the essential thing!"

He looked up. "The essential thing?"

She smiled. "The blue cross,' she said. "Isn't it worth even a little one?"

The tone was very soft. Chilcote yielded.

"You have the blue pencil, he said, in sudden response to her mood.



"The blue cross!" she said. "Isn't it worth just a little one?"

She glanced up in quiet pleasure at her success, and, with a charming affectation of seriousness, marked the engagement with a big cross. At the same moment the car slackened speed, as the chauffeur waited for further orders.

Lillian shut the engagement book and handed it back. "Where can I drop you?" she asked. "At the club?"

The question recalled him to a sense of present things. He thrust the book into his pocket and glanced about him.

They had paused by Hyde Park corner. The crowd of horses and carriages had thinned as the hour of lunch drew near, and the wide roadway of the park had an air of added space. The suggested loneliness affected him. The tall trees, still bereft of leaves, and the colossal gateway incomprehensively stirred the sense of mental panic that sometimes seized him in face of vastness of space or of architecture. In one moment, Lillian, the appointment he had just made, the manner of its making—all left him. The world was filled with his own personality, his own immediate inclinations.

"Don't bother about me!' he said, quickly. "I can get out here. You've been very good. It's been a delightful morning." With a hurried pressure of her fingers he rose and stepped from the car.

Reaching the ground, he paused for a moment and raised his hat; then, without a second glance, he turned and walked rapidly away.

Lillian sat watching him meditatively. She saw him pass through the gateway, saw him hail a hansom; then she remembered the waiting chauffeur.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON the same day that Chilcote had parted with Lillian—but at three o'clock in the afternoon—Loder, dressed in Chilcote's clothes and with Chilcote's heavy overcoat slung over his arm, walked from Fleet street to Grosvernor Square. He walked steadily, neither slowly nor yet fast. The elation of his last journey over the same ground was tempered by feelings he could not satisfactorily bracket even to himself. There was less of vehement elation and more of matured determination in his gait and bearing than there had been on that night, though the incidents of which they were the outcome were very complex.

On reaching Chilcote's house he passed upstairs; but, still following the routine of his previous return, he did not halt at Chilcote's door, but moved onward toward Eve's sitting-room and there paused.

In that pause his numberless irregular thoughts fused into one.

He had the same undefined sense of standing upon sacred ground that had touched him on the previous occasion, but the outcome of the sensation was different. This time he raised his hand almost immediately and tapped on the door.

He waited, but no voice responded to his knock. With a sense of disappointment he knocked again; then, pressing his determination still further, he turned the handle and entered the room.

No private room is without meaning—whether trivial or the reverse. In a room, perhaps more even than in speech, in look, or in work, does the impress of the individual make itself felt. There, on the wax of outer things, the inner self imprints its seal—enforces its fleeting claim to separate individuality. This thought, with its arresting interest, made Loder walk slowly, almost seriously, half-way across the room and then pause to study his surroundings.

The room was of medium size—not too large for comfort and not too small for ample space. At a first impression it struck him as unlike any anticipation of a woman's sanctum. The walls panelled in dark wood; the richly bound books; the beautifully designed bronze ornaments; even the flowers, deep crimson and violet-blue in tone, had an air of sombre harmony that was scarcely feminine. With a strangely pleasant impression he realized this, and, following his habitual impulse, moved slowly forward toward the fireplace and there paused, his elbow resting on the mantelpiece.

He had scarcely settled comfortably into his position, scarcely entered on his second and more comprehensive study of the place, than the arrangement of his mind was altered by the turning of the handle and the opening of the door.

The new comer was Eve herself. She was dressed in outdoor clothes, and walked into the room quickly; then, as Loder had done, she too paused.

The gesture, so natural and spontaneous, had a peculiar attraction; as she glanced up at him, her face alight with inquiry, she seemed extraordinarily much the owner and designer of her surroundings. She was framed by them as naturally and effectively as her eyes and her face were framed by her black hair. For one moment he forgot that his presence demanded explanation; the next she had made explanation needless. She had been looking at him intently; now she came forward slowly.

"John?" she said, half in appeal, half in question.

He took a step toward her. "Look at me," he said, quietly and involuntarily. In the sharp desire to establish himself in her regard he forgot that her eyes had never left his face.

But the incongruity of the words did not strike her. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "I—I believe I knew, directly I saw you here." The quick ring of life vibrating in her tone surprised him. But he had other thoughts more urgent than surprise.

In the five days of banishment just lived through, the need for a readjustment of his position with regard to her had come to him forcibly. The memory of the night when weakness and he had been at perilously close quarters had returned to him persistently and uncomfortably, spoiling the remembrance of his triumph. It had been well enough to smother the thought of that night in days of work. But had the ignoring of it blotted out the weakness? Had it not rather thrown it into bolder relief? A man strong in his own strength does not turn his back upon temptation; he faces and quells it. In the solitary days in Clifford's Inn, in the solitary night hours spent in tramping the city streets, this had been the conviction that had recurred again and again, this the problem to which, after much consideration, he had found a solution—satisfactory at least to himself. When next Chilcote called him—it was notable that he had used the word "when" and not "if"—when next Chilcote called him he would make a new departure. He would no longer avoid Eve; he would successfully prove to himself that one interest and one alone filled his mind—the pursuance of Chilcote's political career. So does man satisfactorily convince himself against himself. He had this intention fully in mind as he came forward now.

"Well," he said, slowly, "has it been very hard to have faith—these last five days?" It was not precisely the tone he had meant to adopt; but one must begin.

Eve turned at his words. Her eyes were brimming with life, her cheeks still touched to a deep, soft color by the keenness of the wintry air.

"No," she answered, with a shy, responsive touch of confidence. "I seemed to keep on believing. You know converts make the best devotees." She laughed with slight embarrassment, and glanced up at him. Something in the blue of her eyes reminded him unexpectedly of spring skies—full of youth and promise.

He moved abruptly, and crossed the room toward the window. "Eve," he said, without looking round, "I want your help."

He heard the faint rustling of her dress as she turned toward him, and he knew that he had struck the right chord. All true women respond to an appeal for aid as steel answers to the magnet. He could feel her expectancy in the silence.

"You know—we all know—that the present moment is very vital. That it's impossible to deny the crisis in the air. Nobody feels it more than I do—nobody is more exorbitantly keen to have a share—a part, when the real fight comes"——. He stopped; then he turned slowly and their eyes met. "If a man is to succeed in such a desire," he went on, deliberately, "he must exclude all others—he must have one purpose, one interest, one thought. He must forget that"——

(To Be Continued.)